

Helluva Band In Heaven

Jason Blaine

I remember spinnin' my dad's vinyl
On an old Victrola, growin' up
Full Moon Fever was the summer soundtrack
To bein' young and in love
I never got to see Elvis
He was a little before my time
Nights like this, man, I wish I could see
The other side of the sky

Must be one helluva band up in heaven
Playin' for the stars tonight
They got the guitars up to eleven
And they're singin' for the King on high
And that flashin' lightning's really just the light show
And the thunder's just the drummer on a roll
And they're linin' up the streets of gold
Just to get in
Must be a helluva band up in heaven

I can still hear momma in the kitchen
Hummin' Natural Woman to herself
Just a small town but I could see the world
Through every record on that shelf
And I swear that I could hear 'em
If I'd just close my eyes
I see 'em swayin' like an angel choir
Bye bye, miss American Pie

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Oh, a helluva band up in heaven

They're here for a while
Then they're gone
But they leave us so much more than a song
Sweet eternal melody
Oh, and I believe

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